

## ROSEBUD.

O little maid in your rosebud-bower,  
Dreaming of growing old,  
Wishing youth would always linger, a flower  
Never in haste to unfold;  
Lift from the shadow your sunshiny head,  
Growing old is nothing to dread.

O little maid in the rose-tree shade,  
See how its dry boughs shoot!  
The green leaves fall and the blossoms fade;  
But youth is a living root.  
There are always buds in the old tree's heart,  
Ready at beckon of Spring to start.

O little maid, there is joy to seek—  
Glory of earth and sky—  
When the rosebud-streak fades out of your cheek,  
And the dewy gleam from your eye;  
Deeper and wider must life take root;  
Bolder and higher must glow its trait.

O little maid, be never afraid  
That youth from your heart will go—  
Reach forth unto heaven, through shower and shade;  
We are always young, while we grow.  
Breathe out in a blessing your happy breath!  
For love keeps the spirit from age and death.

—Lucy Larcom, in *St. Nicholas* for September.

## KNIGHT AND LADY.

He lifted his hand to his plumed chapeau.  
He bowed to her beauty and rode away;  
He through the glorious world to go,  
She in the lone little home to stay.

Swift as a vision he passed the fields,  
Where the wild rose blushed amid golden grain;  
She took up the weapons which woman wields,  
When fain from herself she would hide her pain.

Out in the thickest of noble strife,  
He felt the rapture of conflict brave;  
And she, shut into her quiet life,  
Half deemed its narrowness like the grave.

Yes, strange to say, when the war was past,  
And the knight came back wearing valor's scars,  
'Twas the lady who, wan and pale, at last  
Gave token of wounds which had left their scars.

—Margaret E. Sangster, in *Youth's Companion*.

## THE BELL TOLLED ONE.

Dr. Shumway's Old Experience with his Cousin.

A loud clang of the bell of the Dunnville Church (and I call the place Dunnville because that is not its name) awoke the people at midnight. The single stroke was like a hard blow with a sledge-hammer, and the stillness throughout the village had been perfect that night, as on most nights. The bell gave out a tremendous dong, like a brazen cry of terror at the untimely blow, and then, with shuddering reverberations, became silent by the time the inhabitants—some of them summer visitors like myself—were sitting up in their beds, startled, wondering and wide awake. Uncommon things are indeed uncommon in this little New England village, and within ten minutes after the bell tolled one at midnight, a dozen hastily dressed men were at the church door. Foremost was the sexton, bare-headed and barefooted, wearing nothing but a red night-shirt and a pair of trousers. Next came the village lawyer, and he was truly bareheaded, for he had forgotten to put on his wig. All questioned the sexton, who could not give satisfying answers. He had heard the bell ring, and that was all he knew about it. The group grew larger every second, and gazed eagerly up at the belfry.

"Let's go in," said the schoolmaster.

"That's a good idea," was the response. In tone that accorded praise to the schoolmaster for a strikingly novel suggestion.

Fully a hundred men, women and children went quietly toward the door of the church, for women and children had added themselves to the gathering of men; but not one entered, although the door had been unlocked. There was bright moonlight outside, while the interior was dark, and who knew what dreadful thing might be in there? Action was plainly expected of the sexton and the schoolmaster. They met the call with manifest reluctance. The sexton lighted a lantern, and offered it to the schoolmaster, who did not take it. The trembling pair stepped hesitatingly into the entry, and stepped out again. A young fellow, who had recently acquired a reputation for bravery by catching a runaway horse, was turned to in this emergency. He had just come out of a sound sleep, and at such a time trifles impress us with weirdness; but he made a deceptive pretense of fearlessness, seized the lantern and entered the church. The sexton and the schoolmaster followed this leader, and others followed them. The bell-rope was found hanging into the entry through the hole in the ceiling, as usual. The sexton pulled it, shyly and gently at first, and then hard enough to have swung the bell against the clapper under ordinary circumstances.

"There's something wrong about the bell," he said; "Two'n turn."

"Let's go up and see," said the suggestive schoolmaster.

However, the schoolmaster did not lead the way, and the young man of reputed bravery again felt that he must act or let his reputation suffer. A stairway led to the first landing in the steeple, and as far as that he was followed by as many as could crowd into the space. A ladder reached the rest of the way up to where the bell was hung, and he climbed rapidly, while the others strained their eyes with looking up at the light of the lantern that he carried. Timbers crossed the belfry, obstructing the view; yet the folks on the platform below were as quick as the climber to see that a black object was hanging just underneath the bell.

"What's that?" the sexton shouted. The young fellow held the lantern toward the dangling object, which at that instant turned slowly round, and all saw that it was the body of a man hanging by the neck. The women screamed and turned their eyes away from the sight of a face wrung by the contortive agonies of death by strangulation; out their curiosity was stronger than their horror, and they quickly looked again.

"Who is it?" the schoolmaster asked. "Dr. Shumway," the young man on the ladder answered.

"Can't be,"

"Yes, it is!"

It was indeed Dr. Shumway, the physician of the village, who had for many years been loved and respected, and in whose life nobody would have picked out a motive for suicide. He had rigged a rope to the clapper of the bell in such an ingenious way, that, when he leaped from the ladder with a noose around his neck, the bell was struck one hard blow.

The body was lowered as soon as possible, but life had entirely gone out of it. The wonder was why he had killed himself, and conjectures were wide and wild, until the following document, carefully written in the Doctor's own hand, was found in his pocket.

### DR. SHUMWAY'S EXPLANATION.

I hope that I am not a murderer. I fear that I am. Between the hope and the fear there is nothing but miserable anxiety for me on earth, and I have made up my mind to go where such questions are authoritatively judged. I have considered my case from every standpoint. My guilt sometimes seems clear, and sometimes I am convinced that I am innocent of any wrong. I shall kill myself in a way that will leave no possibility of hiding my suicide, as living friends might do if they could; and for the gratification of their proper curiosity, as well as to provide thinkers with a subject for nice reasoning, write this honest account.

I am 52 years old, and for half my life have been the only physician in Dunnville. My professional labor has been arduous, and not very remunerative. I am by nature kindly and generous. I have given my services freely to the poor, and have been a lax creditor to those who were able to pay. Three years ago my entire savings were represented by the small house in which my mother and I lived and a few hundred dollars in a savings bank. I began to realize that I would soon be an old man, and that I ought to accumulate property against the time when I could not work. I tried to be more exacting in money matters, but soon found that I had commenced too late. I refused to go out at night in the rain at the call of a pauper; but the messenger stared at me in blank amazement, and I went. I asked a wealthy man to pay me what he owed me; but he whined about bad business, and I said no more. Nobody knows better than a physician how suddenly a man may be incapacitated for labor, and the more I thought about the helpless plight in which I would be left by such a misfortune the more I dreaded it. This feeling was not all selfish, for there was my aged mother, wholly dependent upon me.

One day I received this letter:

NEW YORK, April 2, 1875.

DEAR BROTHER—I write to you on behalf of our cousin, Alice Shumway. (She is now Mrs. Wayne, as you doubtless know.) Alice is in poor health, and her husband is out West on business. Her physician has advised her to spend the summer in some quiet country-place, where she can have good medical care. I thought of you at once, and now beg you to take her into your house for a few months. Please answer immediately.

Yours truly, HENRY SHUMWAY.

I remembered Alice very well, partly because her father's will connected me with her in an odd manner. He died when she was a mere child, and bequeathed to Alice \$50,000, under conditions. He had already chosen a husband for her in James Wayne, the son of an old enemy, and he intended, through his will, to enforce that choice. According to the provisions of the will, Alice was to have the income of the \$50,000 until she was 21 years old, and if on her 21st birthday she was not the wife of James Wayne, the money was all to go to me. If she died before her 21st birthday, the money was to be divided among the surviving heirs; but if she lived longer without obeying his matrimonial command, she was to do so penniless, the only release for her being the death of Wayne, or his refusal to wed her. The obdurate man talked over his plan with me many times, and had the will carefully drawn by skillful lawyers. Neither he nor I believed it was possible that Alice would disobey. Therefore my interest in the estate was not sufficient to raise an avaricious hope, nor to agitate me when I heard of her marriage to James Wayne.

My answer to my brother's letter was that Alice could come, and that she would be made comfortable in our somewhat lonesome corner of the world. She arrived a few days later. She had been, as I recollected, a blooming, healthy, vivacious girl. All that was woefully changed, leaving her wan, delicate and dejected. We gave her the best room in the house, and were kind to her. I have an uncommonly sympathetic nature, notwithstanding the contrary opinion that some of the readers of the statement may hold, and the fading beauty of the invalid was a pitiful sight. Consumption had made much progress in taking her to the grave before she came under any care, and the best that I could do was to give her a little strength to fight hopelessly against the relentless disease.

My mother was too old to be companionable with our guest, and the country girl who performed the duties of a nurse was hardly a congenial spirit, so it was a matter of course that Alice and I fell into the relation of familiar friends rather than of physician and patient. She rode with me every fair day at first, and it was on one of our rides that her father's will became the topic of conversation. I jokingly accused her of cheating me out of a fortune by marrying in obedience to her father's injunction. She grew instantly so serious that I looked at her, I suppose, with inquiry expressed in my face.

"I wish, Doctor," she said, as near-

ly as I can recollect her words, "that I had not been so obedient. If I had disobeyed, I might now be well in body and mind. I would like to tell you all about it, Doctor, because it is hard to bear trouble silently, you know; and I am sure you will help me with your sympathy."

I pulled her shawl closer around her neck, for it was nightfall, and the horse was going at a pace that made a breeze of the still air. She turned grateful eyes on me for this slight attention.

"You take such good care of me," she said, "that I am sure you would be careful of my secret. I was only 12 years old when I was told of the condition in my father's will—that I must marry James Wayne or be disinherited. There were nine years to come and go before the alternative would be forced upon me, and I childishly put off serious thoughts about it. It was not until I was 16 that I really began to consider the question. I was told that you were a generous man—that you had never dreamed of profiting by my father's will—that you would not take my inheritance from me. Well, while I was making up my mind to trust you, James Wayne came from college—a dashing, capitating fellow of 22, and I fell sincerely in love with him. I no longer regretted the requirement of the will. He professed to love me, and we were married. Misery was not slow in following the brief happiness of our wedlock. I soon had convincing proofs that he was unfaithful, and that he had married me solely for the money that I would bring to him. The \$50,000 that I am to have when I am 21—"

"When will that be?" I asked. The question being suggested by a thought of the short time probably left her to live.

"In about two months," she answered. "The 12th of June will be my 21st birthday. I was saying that the money was invested so advantageously that I got a sufficient income from it while I was single; but James spent extravagantly and earned little himself. We were all the time in trouble with debts. He was a drunkard and a gambler, and he made me, oh, so unhappy, Doctor. He was impatient for the time when he could put his wasteful hands on my \$50,000. At last I became aware of a crowing insult—a wrong that was fatal to my happiness as a wife."

Alice had excited herself, and a fit of coughing interrupted her. I again adjusted the wrap, which she had allowed to fall away from her shoulders, and advised her to finish the narrative at some other time.

"There is not much more that I wish to tell you," she said. "James and I were practically parted. He went away as a traveling salesman for a mercantile firm, and when we parted I told him it was forever—that he must not come to me again until he was clear of the offense that separated us. I had not been robust, and my health was poorer after that, for I sincerely loved the man who had been a husband to me. I supposed it was a duty, Doctor, to cling to the life that God has given us, but my own choice would be to die."

The hectic flush in Alice's thin face was a sign that her desire would not be long ungratified; but I did not tell her so. On the contrary, I tried to encourage her to hope for recovery, knowing that despondency would hasten her to the grave.

Week after week passed, and my patient steadily declined in strength. I began to feel that I ought to tell her of her nearness to death, but I drew back from that hardest of a physician's duties. Day by day I could see her fading. It was certain that she could live only a few weeks longer. One sunset, as she lay with the lessening light falling on her wan face, I forced myself to say that she was past recovery. Tears dropped from my eyes, and on the weak, white hand that she put out to me.

"I knew it," she said, with a pitiful smile, "and I am not sorry. I think I am glad. There is something for me to tell you, but not now; some time before I go."

There was no insincerity in my grief then, and I am certain there is none now. Alice was a particularly lovable woman, and her doom to an early death was inexpressibly sad. I could do nothing in the way of cure. It was too late for that. I sought only to give her fictitious strength with drugs, and to make her as comfortable as possible. I put the early June flowers into her room. I talked cheerfully to her, and I sorrowed for her. She was sorrowful, too, but only for the separation from the man who, she had told me, was her untrue husband.

On the 10th of June a letter arrived, addressed to "Mrs. James Wayne." Alice gave a faint cry at the sight of it, and swooned. So close to death was she, that little strength was left, and it was an hour before she was again thoroughly conscious. I showed her the letter.

"Read it, if you please," she said. She listened with eyes closed and hands clasped while I read:

CHICAGO, MAY 7, 1875.

DEAR ALICE—You told me that I must never come back to you until I could lawfully call you my wife. That time is come. The woman who was my wife when I married you is dead, and there is no reason now, that I can see, why we should not be united again. I am sorry I ever deceived you, and am ready to make amends in any way I can. I will be in Dunnville soon, hoping to find you in improved health, and willing to forgive me. Another marriage ceremony will make you my wife in the sight of the law, as you are already in the sight of heaven. Yours, affectionately, JAMES.

Alice did not stir for a full minute after I had finished reading. I thought at a glance that she was dead, so pallid and expressionless was her face. Then she opened her eyes wearily, and look-

ed out at the red glow the sun, itself sunk out of sight, had left behind it in the sky. I retired from the room with a chill on my senses that I shall never forget.

The purport of James Wayne's letter dashed on me like lightning when I was out of Alice's apartment. The clear meaning of his language, interpreted with the aid of what she had told me, was that he had married her when he already had a wife; that, his lawful wife being now dead, he sought to legalize his union with Alice, and so gain her favor and fortune. This thought followed swiftly: Alice was not in law the wife of James Wayne, and, according to her father's will, if she was not legally married to him on her 21st birthday the \$50,000 would fall to me. That night I sat at my open window until past midnight, thinking on the subject that, as I was human and reasonably selfish, naturally agitated me. Before going to bed I visited my patient. She was asleep, but the nurse said that she had, until within an hour, been wakeful. She breathed with an unnatural, hollow sound. Her vitality was almost exhausted. Clearly, she could not live many days, and she might die before many hours. I mixed some powders, calculated, by stimulation, to prolong her life a little, and gave the nurse directions how to administer them. As I went from the room, the question came to me, as though from some intelligence outside of myself, "Suppose she should die before her 21st birthday?" The obvious answer was that I would have no claim on her fortune.

Early on the next morning, I telegraphed to my brother and other relatives that Alice could not long survive. I had previously kept them informed of her condition. She grew weaker during the day, and, in the evening, was barely able to speak. The end was near. I gave her more stimulant; without it, she would have died before midnight—before her 21st birthday. My heart bounded when the clock struck 12, and impulsively I bent over the almost unconscious sufferer to see if she really was living. That was selfish, but certainly it was not criminal. In keeping her alive with drugs, I had done simply my duty as a physician. So far, my conduct had not been affected by the \$50,000.

A messenger at daybreak brought a telegraphic message for Alice. She was speechless, but not past understanding what was said to her. I opened the dispatch and read it aloud. It was from James Wayne, dated Cleveland, June 11, and ran as follows:

Am on my way to your bedside. Will reach you to-morrow afternoon. You will be my wife on your 21st birthday, after all. Bear up.

Alice smiled faintly, took the message in her forceless hands and tried to put it to her lips.

She was happy in the expectation of yet dying the wife of James Wayne. As for me, I was stunned; and, before I had recovered my self-possession, I was bending over her and saying: "You shall be his wife. I will have a clergyman here when he comes." There was a pressure of her hands on mine, so faint as scarcely to be felt, and her eyes looked the gratitude that she could not speak.

Kindly readers will observe that to this point I acted honorably. Further, I sent for a clergyman, and to him, as well as to the relatives who came in response to my telegraphed summons, I explained the desirability of a marriage ceremony immediately on James Wayne's arrival. It was by stimulating medicine that I kept Alice alive from hour to hour, thus helping to put her \$50,000 beyond my own reach. Why should I do it? Was it fair to myself that I should put into a rascal's pocket the money that would otherwise fall into mine? These questions seemed to provide their own answers.

At 4 o'clock in the afternoon another message came from Wayne, telegraphed from a railroad station, and saying that he would arrive in the evening. I read it to Alice. She was too weak to exhibit any feeling, yet she might have lived a day or two longer on the drug that I was giving her in frequent doses. I started toward the table on which the medicine stood, intending to give her some; but I stopped short, turned on my heel, and went out of the room. That was where I began to be murderous, if I am indeed a murderer.

I sat an hour alone in my office, and tried to decide the question that I am now referring to my readers. Was it a crime to let Alice die a little sooner than she would if I continued my efforts to prolong her life to the utmost? The right answer then seemed to be "No." I returned to the death chamber, and saw that already the lack of stimulant had made a change for the worse in my patient. I stood hesitant by the table, with my hand close to the medicine.

"Will she last much longer?" my mother asked.

"Not two hours, I think," was my reply.

I did not quit the room again, for I was not cowardly. As I have said, I had at that time no feeling of criminality. It seemed clear to me—and I so write it now as a fact and not as an argument—that I was not bound in justice to do what would be of no benefit to Alice, but would assist a bad man's scheme and prevent me from securing a competence in my declining years.

Left with the small remnant of her unaided strength, Alice was dying. It was not too late to administer what would probably delay her death until the morrow; but of my very irresolution came inaction, and not to act was to let her die unaided.

At 8 o'clock we were grouped by her bedside, watching her face with careful expectancy—all of us, for tears were in my eyes, even while almost angered by

every labored breath that showed her to be still alive.

We heard wheels in the dooryard. Somebody looked out and said that James Wayne had come.

I felt Alice's pulse.

There was a flicker of life at the wrist as she heard the announcement, but it was the last. She gasped and died as Wayne entered.

Reader, what is your verdict? Guilty, or not guilty? If guilty, what is the degree of my crime?—*Boston Herald*.

## Horrors of New York Tenement-house Life.

About twenty-five thousand houses come within the range of the observations now being made by the recently appointed Tenement-house Inspectors. They are gathering information which will be made the basis of many needed sanitary reforms, and which, it is believed, will in time give more wholesome and comfortable quarters to tenement dwellers who now live in wretched places. The worst localities in our city have not at this writing been visited, but a few facts clipped from the informal reports of the inspections which have been made will speak for themselves:

"The air of the front rooms was almost unbearable to the visitors, but that of the rear apartment was foul beyond belief. In the latter were several women, each with a pale, wan-looking babe in her arms. One of them said that hers was 'not long for this world,' and it was found that three children had died in the room within a year. In two dark alcoves, where the stench was most to be observed, stood the beds. Inquiry into the source of the odors revealed the fact that beneath the boards of the floor, which bent and creaked with the weight of the foot, was a dark sub-cellar, through which a leaking sewer ran, loading the heavy air with noxious gases. . . . On the ground-floor was found a middle-aged woman, with half-a-dozen sickly looking children. She showed the bedroom, ventilated only by a small window opening against an oblique wall, which almost precluded the entrance of light. When this window was open, a horrible smell from adjoining closets filled the room. 'We can't sleep with it open,' said the woman, 'and we can't sleep with it shut, so we have to spend our nights on the pavement in the yard.'"

The saddest cases are those which reveal how poverty and vice have extinguished all natural affection and all wholesome ambition:

"The floor was covered with rags and filth of every description. Two old mattresses, foul with age and dirt, lay in a corner of the room. In another corner the only occupant of the room was found. In a cradle, on a dirty pallet, a little girl, apparently about 13 months old, lay asleep, with her body literally black with swarms of flies. At first she appeared to be dead, but the reporter detected a sign of life in a slight pulsation at the wrist. He brushed away the flies, and then lifted the little one, who was but a feather-weight, as her body was almost worn to a skeleton. It was evident that she was slowly dying of starvation. She looked up in the face of the doctor with a puzzled expression, but the sight of a cup of milk brought a very hungry look into her large brown eyes. She had a very pretty face, and with proper food and care would be a fine child. Several neighbors came into the room, and they said that the mother was a habitual gossip, who neglected her children and home entirely. . . . A comparatively young woman was found lying in a drunken stupor upon the floor, while upon a dirty bed lay three babes and a girl of about eight years, clad in filthy rags. The girl awoke and advancing with an air which showed that she was used to the business, began a pitiful tale of a father's cruelty and a mother's drunkenness. When the required measurements had been taken, the wretched mother was aroused. She was one of the few who was found unwilling to receive assistance. She was perfectly satisfied with her miserable life as a rag-picker. She and her husband managed to 'get along,' and she had no further ambition. The swarms of flies which covered every thing in the room, and caused the sleeping children to kick and moan, did not trouble her, and the hot foul air was what she had always been used to. On learning that the visitor was a doctor, however, she asked for some tickets to the sick children's excursions. They were given, and she contentedly rolled over upon the floor and went to sleep again."—*Harper's Bazar*.

## Temperance, Public and Private.

There is not a saloon in Colorado Springs. Its temperance principles have, however, greatly injured the city and retarded its growth, without preventing the free consumption and sale of liquor. The drug stores have their back shops all fixed up for use as bar-rooms, and do a thriving business out of show bottles labeled "tincture of alcohol." I met a particularly solid advocate of the temperance policy in one of these places. Recently, and having obtained his acquaintance previously, I felt free to ask him if the tincture wasn't imposing on him. He had a stiff glass of whisky and sirup in his hand. Said he: "As a citizen I am a temperance man. I believe in keeping the town clear of liquor saloons. As an individual I admire good whisky." And I had no doubt of it after seeing him drink. That's what temperance amounts to here.—*Colorado Cor.*

—You can get a bottle or barrel of oil off any carpet or woolen stuff by applying dry buckwheat plentifully and faithfully. Never put water to such a grease spot, or liquid of any kind.